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POEMS.



POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY G. WALKER,

AUTHOR OF THE VAGABOND, THREE
SPANIARDS, &c.

Nil dictum, quod nos dictum prius.

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PREFACE.

WITHOUT patronage, without the entreaty of friends, or the expectation of fame, it may be difficult to assign a reason for the most daring of all hazards in the Literary world ; the publication of a volume of Poems.

To say that the vanity of fame can be wholly discarded from the mind of any Author, is perhaps saying too much : but when we reflect on the transience of all human affairs, the destruction of the most mighty empires, and particularly the momentary existence of any living language, (insomuch that writers of 400 years past are scarce intelligible to common readers of the present day)

*the man who rests his reward upon fame,
builds upon a foundation that has already va-
nished beneath his feet.*

*Shall the writer of trifles class himself
with Milton, or with Pope? Yet the day will
come, when Milton's language will be obso-
lete, and the numbers of Pope lose their
sound. It is frequently the fortune of Po-
ets who write for fame, to be known no far-
ther than the narrow circle of their friends.
With bounds so circumscribed as these, it
would be easy to be content, were it not for
the reflection that every year is diminishing
their number, and snatching some one from
life, whom we might have wished to enter-
tain or desired to please. What then re-
mains of a private nature to give pleasure to
the mind? It is sure not the hopes of praise*

from contemporaries, since the danger of condemnation is more than an equal hazard : it is sure not the expectation of a trifling pecuniary emolument, since more might certainly be acquired by the meanest mechanical employment in an equal time : it must then be from that certain tincture of indefinable madness which stimulates Poets to commit their dreams to paper, and compels authors, against their cool judgment, to publish.

For the Poems themselves I shall offer no apology. Criticism, if it be judicious, is always desirable : if it be cynical, it but excites in me a smile ; because I know the judgment of the Public is rarely influenced by those who are themselves ashamed to appear ; and because I have experienced, that criticisms dictated by malice, and embellished

by falsehood, have sunk harmless into oblivion, if not called into public notice by the wounded feelings of the author.

I am ready to acknowledge that the Journey of a Day, is far from equal to Dr. Johnson's inimitable tale in the Rambler ; but it may not be unpleasing in a form which is more impressive to the memory. In the other pieces, the manners and idiom of the East are endeavoured to be expressed ; and though they are not given to the Public as translations, I flatter myself they may be received as a specimen of Oriental sentiment in English attire. The Bedouin Love Song was suggested by a passage in Volney's Travels. The Ode of Hafez is from a prose translation in Jones's Poems.

In the American Eclogues I have taken a poetic licence of exaggerating the picture of a Planter's felicity ; human life being nearly equipoised in civil society, though Poets, Philosophers, and Divines are allowed to embellish themes of rural and retired pleasures.

The Odes descriptive of ancient Northern opinions and manners are chiefly taken from Mallet's Antiquities ; they are curious as relating to our ancestors, and may perhaps excite some one to inquire farther into their remote and singular history : Poetry would there find herself gratified, Romance might read her origin, and superstition might wander in a labyrinth congenial to herself.

The remaining pieces are of a miscellaneous nature. Many that I have written I

have suppressed for their puerility ; and many that I have retained might possibly have been with more propriety destroyed. I will venture to say, no one will ever find so much pleasure in their perusal, as I have received in their composition.

OBIDAH,

OR

THE JOURNEY OF A DAY.

An Eclogue.—Time, Morning.

THRO' Hindo's plains, abroad at early day,
Obidah journey'd on his length'ning way :
Refresh'd with rest, gay hope his speed advanc'd,
As o'er the green his footsteps lightly danc'd.
The morning song of paradisial birds
Mingled with lowing sound of distant herds :
The fluttering breeze effusive spices shed,
And dewy odours fann'd him as they fled.
The towering oak, the forest's hoary king ;
The primrose, humble herald of the spring,
By turns engaged, as grateful fancy view'd :
And charm'd the rigors of the road pursued.

Onward he went, till high the mid-day sun,
In blazing splendor half his course had run ;
And thirst, fatiguing, taught his feet to stray,
Where nodding groves held out a fairer way ;

The sultry vapours cool'd amidst the shade ;
 Fresh, flowery verdure bloom'd along the glade :
 The devious path, inviting, seem'd to lead
 In equal windings, and with equal speed :
 Thus business might with pleasure be combin'd,
 And labour's gifts acquir'd with peace of mind.
 Obidah on, with ardent footsteps press'd
 The spreading turf ; nor stay'd his speed to rest,
 Except where matted trees impervious flung
 Inviting shades, where golden linnets sung,
 Or where the luscious grape purpurial grew,
 Or creeping melon of cameleon hue,
 Or fragrant flowers held out alluring sweets,
 To stay the fervour of the noontide heats.
 The path at length new involutions took,
 Diverging gently to a distant brook,
 Midst winding cliffs, by hanging thickets crown'd,
 And fountains murmur'd in the shades around.

Here paus'd Obidah, cautious, on his way,
 Lest tracts like these should tempt his feet to stray.
 But now he knew the plain breath'd subtle fire,
 And parching sun-beams scatter'd fierce their ire.
 The path before him might evolving lead,
 With equal ending, tho' with varied speed.

In ease confirm'd, yet still with doubting mind
 He forward press'd ; or, careless, lagg'd behind—
 His doubts to charm, he mounted every hill,
 Then turning, listen'd to the tinkling rill ;
 Or stopp'd to mark the spangling fountains play,
 Or caught the echoes ere they died away ;
 Or from some height the meandering river trac'd
 To distant regions, through a flowery waste.
 Uncounted, thus the hours light pinion'd flew,
 And volant fancy skipp'd from view to view :
 Till lost, bewilder'd in a doubtful maze,
 Confus'd, nor this, nor that, the road displays.

Then paus'd Obidah, pensive and aghast,
 Aware the time of loitering now was past.
 While thus he stood, in anxious fear perplex'd,
 And to the coming night new fears annex'd ;
 Black grew the heavens, with labouring clouds o'er-
 spread ;

The muttering thunders broke around his head.
 Regretting now (when each regret was vain)
 The childish ease which drew him from the plain :
 Where, tho' no verdant pleasures gaily smil'd,
 The road uneven, and the prospect wild,
 It led to Delhi, where he hop'd to know
 Joys, such as friendship, love, and home bestow.

He turn'd, to tread again the mazy ground,
 If no near opening to the plain were found.
 But first, in lowly suppliance press'd the earth
 To Him obedient, who gave Nature birth.
 Then calm, confiding rose, and, undismay'd,
 Drew forth his polish'd sabre's shining blade,
 For now was heard the fierce hyena's howl,
 The lions roaring, and the tyger's growl :
 Expiring victims shrieking in despair,
 And savage rapine rent the tortur'd air.

Loud roar'd the winds, low bow'd the forest's pride,
 Thunders deep echoed from the mountain's side :
 Lightnings sulphureous thro' the darkness gleam'd,
 Descending rains in hissing torrents stream'd.
 Black swelled the floods, wide o'er their straiten'd bed,
 In tumbling horror, from the mountain's head ;
 And wild destruction thro' the vallies hurl'd,
 Like parting floodgates on a deluged world.

Forlorn, thro' wilds, by angry Nature press'd,
 Obidah sought, but found no place for rest :
 His trembling knees their labour then deny,
 His breath grew short, or heaved a deepening sigh ;
 His fainting sight refused to point the way,
 And night surcharg'd his soul in grim array.

Resign'd, and yielding to his fearful doom,
 A distant taper glimmer'd thro' the gloom.
 With faltering pace, thro' tangled brambles torn,
 Thro' rattan pailings, shrubb'd with prickly thorn,
 The youth espied an humble dwelling reared,
 Whose sheltering roof his dreary prospect cheer'd.

With suppliant voice he claim'd the stranger's right,
 And gain'd admission from the howling night.
 With smiles the ancient host receiv'd his guest ;
 Now dried his garments, now his hunger press'd.
 The roasted plantain with rich figs supplied,
 And milk of cocoa in delectuous tide.
 Obidah, grateful, nature's wants assuaged,
 When thus the Dervise all his thoughts engaged.

“ Say, wandering youth, what chance thy steps hath
 led.

Where beasts alone the secret forest tread,
 Where twenty years have roll'd their circuit by,
 Since man's fair image stood before mine eye ?
 With downward look Obidah then reveal'd.
 His vagrant folly, nor his fault conceal'd.
 Again the Dervise, with persuasive tongue,
 And kindest accents, to advise begun.

“ My son, from follies past, from dangers o’er,
 We learn experience, and we stray no more ;—
 Life’s varied round, commix’d of sad and gay,
 Is but the journey of a summer’s day.
 We rise at morn—when youth with ardor fir’d,
 Pursues with vigour what is most admir’d :
 Grasps each gay vision as it onward plays,
 Nor from the path of Truth and Virtue strays.
 In time relaxing, as we wish to share
 With mirth and folly half our load of care ;
 At distant crime no more we gaze as such,
 But eager grasp what once we fear’d to touch :
 Thus led to shades, where ease desidious strays,
 And soft repose its varied charms displays ;
 The yielding heart beats high with new delight,
 And secret wishes prompt where joys invite.
 We hope at first to taste, and then retire,
 But still insatiate, want succeeds desire :
 Temptation only to temptation leads ;
 And new compliance to the last succeeds.
 Entranc’d in pleasure’s fascinating toils,
 The heart from bashful innocence recoils ;
 To drown remorse, we drain the sensual bowl,
 And with mad riot taint the virgin soul.
 Thus age creeps o’er us with his mantle, night,
 Or quick disease arrests with sudden blight—

Then stung with horror, we repent in pain,
And wish and weep, and weep and wish in vain :
For who once stray'd from Reason's proper bound,
Ere to return, the heaven-born courage found?
Thrice happy they, who learn from thee, my son,
When strength is wasted, and when day is done,
That yet some effort, if sincerely made,
Propitiating heaven may kindly aid.
Go now, dear youth, this night repose in peace,
Nor let thy trust in Alla never cease :
And when the morning sun impearls the dew,
Thy journey and thy life begin anew."

KEBIR,

OR

THE SCHEICK OF GEZIRA.

AN EASTERN ECLOGUE.

Time, Evening.

BESIDE the tents, where shepherds watch their
 sheep,
 Where broken cliffs o'erhang the headlong steep :
 The peasants sat, while gentle Kebir sung
 His fate, a warning to the proud and young.

What time, the southern winds refresh the air,
 And chanters to the minarets repair :
 What time, the sun descends the western sky,
 And one blue expanse meets the ravish'd eye.
 I, Kebir, on my terrace proudly stood,
 Lowly beneath me Tigris roll'd her flood :
 With power inebriate, and with pomp elate,
 Myself I deem'd the Lord of man and fate.

Then thus I said—'Twas I this palace rais'd,
 At whose high domes the traveller stands amaz'd,
 Whose glittering crescents stream with silver bright,
 And on the moon reflect a fairer light.
 Where sands eternal spread a desert wild,
 I spake the word, and verdant gardens smil'd ;
 I bade exultance from destruction flow ;
 I taught the shepherds other sounds than woe :
 Before my face grim war and rapine fled,
 And pale-fac'd crime alone had cause for dread.
 The fields rejoicing wave with rustling corn,
 The scarlet nopals* shine where grew the thorn ;
 The fleecy almond, and the opium gay,
 With choicest store their labouring owners pay.
 Where pleasant pastures bloom perpetual spring,
 Exulting people tend their flocks and sing.
 No more the Tartar dares with savage hand
 Destroy the harvest, desolate the land :
 Secure at home, the man who sows may reap,
 And each beneath his date tree safely sleep.
 No tyrant's power shall blast the virgin's prime,
 Like early blossoms, shed before their time.

* *Nopal is the tree upon which the cochineal insect exists.*

Then rest thee, Kebir, thine the gifts of peace,
The smiles of love, and nature's rich increase.

For me, profusive Tigris spreads her waves,
Enamel'd verdure follows where she laves ;
Majestic swans their silver plumage play,
Expand their wings, and cleave the watery way.
My groves perennial blush with silken store,
And in my garners all their fruitage pour.
Delectuous Keura† paints with various dyes
Its downy blossoms, that perfume the skies.
The purple balsam glows beneath the shade,
By bending vines, and thickset citrons made.
A thousand fruits, a thousand flowers bestow,
The numerous tints that tinge the sapphire bow ;
When softest showers distil at early spring,
And listening birds take up the note and sing.

Whene'er I wish, beneath the balmy grove,
To seek kind ease, or indolently rove ;
The blushing fruits salute my wanton hand,
Impatient flowers their opening leaves expand.

† *Keura produces flowers of a soft delicious smell, in great esteem in Arabia. On hallowdays they are used as chaplets for the head.*—Niebuhr's Travels.

Damasca's rose, the Iris stript and gay,
 Admix'd with violets strew my devious way ;
 The abject melon, and the creeping gourd,
 More rich than nectar, luscious juice afford.
 Amidst the shrubs that rise for ever green,
 Snow-drifted fountains variate the scene,
 Diffusing murmurs on the secret breeze,
 Soft as the hum of honey-gathering bees :
 Or scattering coolness, as the breath of morn
 On temper'd gales, to shady arbours borne.
 The Thaer-el-hinds* in golden plumage sing,
 And warbling Finches make the vallies ring :
 While by the steady pool reclin'd, I lie,
 To watch the falling drops the founts supply.
 Then rest thee, Kebir, thine the gifts of peace,
 The smiles of love, and nature's rich increase.

For me Zobeide, with virgin blush prepares
 The spicy sherbet, and my transport shares :
 With modest smile a tale of love expects,
 Or points compliance with well-timed *rejects*.
 Badoura born, where nature breathes in fire,
 Uncheck'd, displays the flights of gay desire ;

* *A bird peculiar to Arabia, bearing an high price
 on account of its golden plumage.*—Niebuhr.

Replete with flames, her purple blood beats high,
And kindling glances *flash* her full dark eye.

“ For me the singer tunes the seven-stringed lute,
Breathes in soft cadence o’er the sighing flute,
Strikes the glad timbrel, to whose mirth-born sound
Egyptian dancers trip the magic round.
All things that please the sense, and yield delight,
Crowd to my hand, and my regard invite :
Full many a year of health and strength remains,
Ere age shall mark my head, or chill my veins.
Then rest thee, Kebir, thine the gifts of peace,
The smiles of love, and nature’s rich increase.”

I spake—when whirlwinds from the desarts rise,
Sands, heap’d mountainous, darken thro’ the skies.
The trembling towers, in sudden terror shake,
The sleeping swains, in wondering anguish wake.
Despair impels, and thro’ the gloom of night
In doubtful horror each begins his flight.
Unnerv’d I stand ; to cast a lingering glance,
Where rapid mischief moves with bold advance.
Uptorn, my shattered groves, in verdant show’r,
Shed new destruction in that hapless hour.
Wide o’er the plain the winds resistless rend,
And scatter’d dwellings in confusion blend :

Submerg'd in sand by eddying tempests driven,
 My gardens fly before the angry heaven.
 The flowery vallies that so lately smil'd,
 Now spread a desert to the howling wild :
 Tumultuous sands, as waves by ocean thrown,
 Reclaim the cultured pastures for their own.
 My tottering palace crumbles to the ground,
 Its guilty splendors scattered wide around.
 Loud shrieks of anguish pierce the dreadful shade,
 Groans, and despair, and death, the ear pervade :
 I saw no more.—The frightful tempest hurl'd
 Obscure disaster o'er the suffering world ;
 The calcin'd mists, that suffocating blew,
 In blasts impetuous, kindled as they flew :
 I felt the gust sulphureous seize my breath,
 And sunk midst whirling drifts in partial death.
 Then learn, ye Persians, that to heaven we owe
 Those gifts it can withhold, or can bestow ;
 That all possessions are of transient kind,
 Save steady virtue, and a tranquil mind.

THE

MAID OF THE HARAM.

THY cheerless blank, deep night, so still sur-
 rounding,
 Befits the feelings of my troubled soul ;
 Where varied terrors, every hope confounding,
 At once my fancy and my will controul.

In thy dark bosom would I hide my sorrow,
 Sit where the sycamore spreads thickest gloom :
 Weep through the hours until returning morrow,
 Sickens my senses with its taunting bloom.

Where can I hide me—darkest night—say whither ?
 Cannot thy shades conceal me from the eye
 Of Him, whose cruel mandate brought me hither
 Awhile to riot, then to pine and die ?

What here can charm, what is there here delightful,
 Barrier'd around by unrelenting walls ?
 Guarded by Eunuchs, rough and scowling frightful—
 Love takes a figure that the heart appals.

Awhile, when beauty on my cheek suffuses,
 Roses carnated—lilies mild and fair ;
 Compel'd to joy, when joy my heart refuses,
 In his caresses I may find a share.

But when those roses fade, those lilies drooping,
 Speak the still sorrow of my anguish'd heart :
 Then to his slave (disdain'd) no longer stooping,
 Shall I receive of any smile a part.

Then shall I wander with those maids dejected,
 Whose pallid cheek, and ever-joyless eye,
 Tell of their charms, that bloom and fade neglected,
 With'ring before the hot-empassioned sigh.

Thrice happy they, who love sincere partaking,
 With some kind partner in a shelter'd cot,
 Know not the anguish, which my heart is breaking,
 Snatch'd from my kindred, by my friends forgot.

Happy ye maids who dance in Georgia's pastures,
 When whispering eve conveys the conscious tale :
 Ye never fear the frown of tyrant masters,
 Hid in the silence of the peaceful vale.

Oh ! could I loose me, in these bowers retreating,
Ever secluded from unwish'd desires,
Then would my bosom cease this flurried beating,
Nor ere be warm'd by love's unhallow'd fires.

Sigh ye cool breezes, gently stealing over,
Rustling the foliage with a chill delight ;
Echo in cadence round me seems to hover,
Bearing my sorrows thro' the gloom of night.

PERSIAN HYMN,

TO THE

RISING SUN.

PARENT of light, of life, I see
Thy orient rays once more arise :
With grateful heart and humble knee,
I hail thy entrance to the skies.
Seas, earth, and air with life replete,
Exist but in thy fructuous light ;
Chaos, without thy vital heat,
Had slept in sempeternal night.

Celestial Power ! through Persia's lands,
Unsought, thy choicest gifts diffuse,
Throw herbage o'er her burning sands,
And in her desarts scatter dews.
Let famine fly before thy face,
The vineyard and the pasture smile ;
The locust to the mountains chace,
With fruit and grain reward our toil.

At thy clear warmth creation blooms,
 The sterile glebe puts forth fresh flowers ;
 Embalms the air with choice perfumes,
 With scented shades, and fragrant bowers.
 Thy bird, the faithful stork*, shall then
 Propitious on our huts abide :
 And Peace shall, with the sons of men,
 In never fading groves reside.

The nightingale shall woo the rose
 Beneath the mulberry's purple shade ;
 And where the Tigris softly flows,
 The idle youth shall court the maid.
 From morning dawn, from east to west,
 Throughout the cincture of the sky,
 Mankind shall in thy beams be blest,
 Shall happy live, and tranquil die.

** The stork is considered as a sacred bird throughout the east. It builds upon the houses of peasants, and is beheld as a fortunate guest.*

ARABIAN MAID'S

INVOCATION TO THE MOON.

PROPITIOUS moon ! whose peaceful beams

O'er Theban deserts stray,

Sip at the Nile's prolific streams,

Or midst the whirlwinds play,

Attend and grant a Virgin's pray'r,

Her timid wishes hear :

Take my Alcanzor to thy care,

His lonely footsteps cheer.

Where in the desert dark and wild,

He treads the dangerous way,

Be thy bright orb his certain guide,

Until returning day.

From where the sanguine lions prowl,

Direct his feet aright :

Nor let the fierce hyena's howl

Add horrors to the night.

Where not a shrub, where not a spire

Of grass is seen to grow ;

Where nature breathes destructive fire,
 And where no fountains flow ;
 Let thy cool influence fresh the air,
 The spicy breezes bring :
 And may my lover by thy care
 Explore the secret spring.

There may he rest on banks of balm,
 Bask in thy tranquil beam ;
 The burning thirst within him calm
 With water from the stream.
 His patient camels round him kneel,
 Forgetful of their toil,
 The noon-day heats no more they feel,
 Nor from their loads recoil.

Then shall he gaze with grateful mind
 Upon thy radiant face :
 Think on the maid he left behind,
 And all his steps retrace ;
 Till lull'd by softest scents, that move
 On Zephyrs thro' the air,
 He sinks to sleep, and dreams of love
 His slumbering visions share.

INVOCATION OF THE WEST WIND.*

COME western breezes, sweet and airy blow,
 From beds of spices to my garden come :
 Where winds Euphrates, solemn, smooth, and slow,
 Where hyacinths and amaranthus' bloom.

Oh ! come and cool this mid-day blaze of heat,
 Whose arid beams suspend my fainting breath,
 My spirits sink—or fluttering seem to beat,
 The certain symptoms of approaching death.

Dry is the brook that murmur'd in the glade,
 The marble fountains shed no pearly dew,
 The vernal foliage, shrunk, begins to fade,
 The drooping boughs their wonted gloom refuse.

The paroquets hang down the beating head,
 The drowsy serpents bask along my way,
 All animation seems for ever fled,
 And silence, dreary silence, rules the day.

** From this little poem the reader may form some idea of the effects of heat in eastern climates.*

Exhal'd—the vapours kindle into blaze,
 Thro' thinnest æther, stars at noon appear,
 Save where at distance spreads the dusky haze,
 Th' approaching herald of the Simoom† near.

Death and destruction ride upon the wind,
 Whose sapphire stream, impregn'd with burning sand,
 More certain kills than plague with famine join'd :
 Nor plant, nor breath of life the blast withstand.

Inhaling flame, in vain I would assuage
 The heat, with nect'rous juice of cluster'd vine.
 But what can stay the sun in zenith rage,
 When burning winds, and parching sands combine.

Come then ye evening breezes, quickly come !
 Ye paradisial dews, once more exhale ;
 Refreshing fragrance, mingled with perfume :
 Come, bearing life upon the western gale.

† *Simoom, Samiel or Fire-wind, is destruction to all animal and vegetable life. When a man or camel falls before it, they become instantly livid ; upon shaking a limb, it separates in the hand. The flesh does not putrify, but is so changed or rarified by intense heat, that while the outward form remains, a man or camel may be easily lifted with one hand.—*

Ives's Voyage.

SONG
OF
A PERSIAN MAID.

BENEATH the palm-tree let me sit ;
Beside the babbling spring,
Whose distant murmurs may transmit
The name of Him I sing.
Whatever land, whatever shore
These waves shall chance to beat,
Thro' ev'ry desert they explore,
His long-lov'd name repeat.

To all the maids of Persia's land
Shall Ornan's name be known ;
For as he trod the burning sand,
He liv'd for me alone.
For me he trac'd the desert drear,
For me he bent the bow :
But when nor hope, nor help was near,
The Tartar laid him low.

O! Ornan dear, beneath the palm,
Where oft we used to lay,
Where spicy gales diffuse a charm,
And wonton breezes play,
There do I sit, and weep thy shade,
To unknown regions borne ;
Till objects from the landscape fade,
And night succeeds the morn.

BEDOUIN* LOVE SONG.

WHERE the rough bramble, and the wormwood
grows,

Where rocks of granite shadow o'er the waste,
Where the clear spring with crystal water flows,
And Tai's† daughters with their pitchers haste.

There did I steal a glance beneath the veil,
That shades from scorching sands the lovely Zaid ;
Whose *kobl*‡ black eyes surpass'd the soft gazelle,
And from whose ebon arch love's wishes play'd.

* *Bedouins are the Arabs of the desert between the Red Sea and Palestine.*

† *Tai the name of a tribe near Palmyra.*

‡ *Kobl, a black dye formed with pulverized mineral, and laid on the eye-lashes.—Vide Volney and Shaw. An European lady would not perhaps be jealous of an Arabian beauty, such as the lovely Zaid. Her countenance of a deep yellow and brown, her eyes and eyebrows tinged with black ; her lips with blue, and the nails of her fingers with henna or yellow : yet such is the attraction of nature and habit, that I doubt whether the European lady, with her rouge and powder would rival this nymph at Palmyra.*

Straight was her waist, more supple than the lance,
 Her lips with blue, her nails with yellow dyed,
 More light than untrain'd colt she seem'd to dance,
 And Tai's daughters own'd her for their pride.

The rich pomegranate swelling on the bough,
 Shrinks when compar'd to Zaid's more lovely breast.
 To her I secret make my morning vow ;
 For her I sigh, when all our tribe's at rest.

Sweeter than honey, or a noon-felt air,
 Her flowing words glide o'er her prattling tongue :
 For her I'd brave the sun's meridian glare,
 Or from the dusty tyger snatch her young.

Worn with desire, my soul alone remains,
 For o'er the sand my body casts no shade* :

** This is a common figure among the Bedouins, and not unaptly applied, as the following description from Volney will shew : A few of them (says he) who had never seen a town, came to Acre in the time of Shaik Dabar : their withered legs had no calf, and appeared to consist merely of tendons. Their bellies seemed stuck to their backs, and their hair was frizzled like a negro. They could not conceive how the houses and minarets stood erect, or how men*

My strength no longer guides the courser's reins,
Consum'd like water by the eyes of Zaid.

ventured to dwell beneath them, and always upon the same spot ; but they were in extacy at the sea, though they could not conceive the use of a desert of water. Six or seven dates was sufficient solid food for one day. Such are the effects of intense heat, and a life of habitual wandering.

PERSIAN ODE OF HAFEZ.

Ai bad nesîmi yârdari
 Zan nefheî mushcbâr dari
 Zinhar mecun diraz-desti !

YE honey'd gales that sweetly blow,
 Why steal your fragrance from my love
 Why, when her musky tresses flow,
 Their spicy odours dare you move ?

Ye moss-crowned roses, what are ye,
 That with her blushing cheek compare ?
 As peaches, soft and fresh is she,
 But rankling thorns your bosoms bear.

Ye pale Narcissus', meek and mild,
 Think, is your languish like her eye,
 Melting to softest love inclined ?
 While ye are sick to faint and die.

Ye pines that clothe Gilboa's side,
 Where is your stature, where your grace?
 Where in the garden is your pride?
 Since to my love you yield a place.

O sweet Basil, more sweet than cloves,
 Why with her cheeks carnation'd vie?
 There, musk more fresh than morning roves,
 In scents thy fading charms deny.

O Wisdom, what hast thou to choose,
 (If for to choose were in thy power)
 All other gifts thou wouldst refuse,
 To gain her love one transient hour.

Come, my beloved, to Hafez come;
 Delight his bosom with thy stay;
 His choicest groves of rich perfume
 Invite, if but one single day.

ODE ON WINE.

PRESS the grape, and press the vine,
Bid the glittering ruby flow ;
Crystal fountains sparkling shine,
Rays more bright than em'ralsd throw.
Bring delicious Keura, bring
Soft perfumes, to scent the air—
Mirza, take the lute and sing :
Mirza, fairest of the fair.

Wine that fills the soul with bliss,
Yields alone to festive love :
Mecca's chief inform'd us this,
When he told of streams above.
Why then wait for future time,
Time that cheats us here below :
Instant let the goblet shine,
Instant let the purple glow.

SONNET ON DEW.

GREEN are the plants emboss'd with dew,
 When early morning bright appears ;
 The roses blush with deeper hue,
 The diamond ficoides* melt in tears.
 The vapours lightly steal away,
 Inhaling odours as they rise ;
 By æther scatter'd o'er the day,
 Dispersing incense through the skies :
 Or gently fall in fragrant show'r,
 Wide diffusing mingled pleasure,
 Various sweets from ev'ry bow'r,
 Fill the soul with rising pleasure :
 Till on a bed of rose-leaves idly sinking,
 The ravish'd mind suspends the task of thinking.

* *Ice plant.*

THE BACK-WOODS' MAN ;

AN AMERICAN ECLOGUE.

SCENE : *The Wilderness of Kentucky.*—*Time, Morning.*

NIGHT far to westward mov'd her silent way,
 And rising glory blaz'd in early day ;
 When from an hill, whose lofty head supplied
 Extent of vision (by the plain denied)
 The wandering Vernon paus'd, awhile to trace
 The devious journey of the daily chace.
 His belt, a shot and powder-flask contain'd,
 His leaning arm a rifle piece sustain'd ;
 His hat, which screen'd from scorching sun his head,
 From black, was dyed by various seasons red.*

* It may not be uncurious to an English reader, to be acquainted with something of the dress and manners of an American Back-woods' man. His dress resembles a waggoner's frock, ornamented with fringe, and tied round the middle with a broad belt, in which is fastened a tomahawk. A shot bag and powder horn is slung over one shoulder, and on his head he wears a slouched hat, turned red by the sun : he usually wears trowsers and strong boots ; his ri-

Etherial rose the breath of night around,
 Or hung in brilliant spangles o'er the ground,
 Engreen'd the foliage with a fresher hue,
 And steep'd the pea-vines in a pearly dew.
 The gaudy tulip arching o'er his head,
 In lofty grandeur various blossoms spread.
 The waving maple sugar'd sweets distil'd,
 Such sweets as canes in Indian climates yield,
 On hickory boughs the *mocking warbler* play'd,
 For ever changing as he careless stray'd :
 The lark's loud chorus first he nobly tried,
 The thrush, the plover, each in turn he vied.
 The humming bird, in gold-shot plumage dress'd,
 In busy fluttering, humble joy express'd,
 O'er tufted cotton wav'd its downy way,
 Or paus'd, in woodbine flowers awhile to play.

He is his constant companion, and he will sometimes wander a thousand miles from his cottage into the wilderness, depending upon the chase for subsistence. These men are to society what pioneers are to an army. They advance before the cultivator into untrod forests. They build with their tomahawk a shelter from the rain. If they have wives, they and their children live more like animals than rational Beings, and have, in short, so much of the savage in their modes and manners, that however fanatics may cry up the innocence of ignorance, it will be well if they for ever remain ignorant of such innocence.

Immense, behind, submerg'd in clouds of blue,
 The Appalachians rose sublime in view :
 Sublime in awful height, aloft they rear'd
 Their frowning heads, and in mid-heaven appear'd.
 Here Vernon stood. While far as sight could bound,
 A verdant ocean undulated round ;
 And where the sky seem'd rising from the plain,
 A silver river held its watery reign ;
 In rich translucence, grandly roll'd along,
 Its tribute echo, and a sylvan song.
 Here old Arcadia seem'd again to bloom,
 And past'ral fragrance shed a fresh perfume.
 Here unseen spirits might delighted rove
 By secret waters in the twilight grove.
 Or o'er the sward, for ever green and gay,
 Disporting frolic in the sun-beams ray ;
 Sleep amidst flowers, or by the soft cascade,
 Breathe themes of love, to charm some list'ning maid.
 All nature smil'd, for man, destructive man,
 His devastations had not yet began.

A struggling sigh escap'd the wanderer's breast,
 As thus he gaz'd, and thus his thoughts exprest.
 " Rise, rise ye hills, in tenfold horror rise :
 Uplift your summits to the boundless skies :

Bar man forever from these realms of peace,
 Where silence dwells, where nature smiles increase :
 No—rather hold assylum to distress,
 And in your secret shades the vagrant bless.
 Ye solemn woods, with living verdure deck'd,
 The flying stranger in your arms protect ;
 From hostile climes, where want oppressive reigns,
 He seeks compassion in your kindred plains.”

“ Here in the wild, what people yet unborn,
 With towns and temples shall these lands adorn ;
 Where brakes and thickets lodge the crested snake,
 Exulting cities into being wake :
 Another Athens, and another Rome,
 Shall rear the column, and exalt the dome ;
 The arts again in desarts shall resound,
 And commerce spread her ample stores around.
 But ah ! this vision must progressive fade ;
 Ambition, pride, and avarice shall invade.
 For earth nor knows throughout her varied clime,
 Repose or peace within the lapse of time.
 These plains shall smoke, empurpl'd deep with gore,
 Virgins shall weep, and murder'd youth deplore ;
 These lands with human carnage shall be fed,
 Matrons shall wail, and mingle with the dead :

Devouring flames the crashing towns destroy,
And mad, impassion'd man shall leap for joy.

“ Why then,” he cried, “ do I thus idly roam,
Forlorn and useless from a peaceful home ?
Since want and misery thro’ this mortal state
Attend our footsteps with malignant hate.
Why for my sport lay low the bounding deer ;
Why check the painted plover’s glad career ?
Why not return to share the envy’d lot
Of love and plenty in the sacred cot ?
It may be now, while careless here I stray,
Unpitying Indians drag my sons away :
Perhaps my cottage feeds the rising fire,
Perhaps in flames my tender loves expire !
Ah me ! what if within the matted brake,
I rouse the anger of the ratt’ling snake ?
What if in ambush roaming Indians lie,
Alone, unnoticed, in the wild I die :
Or lost in wildering mazes, I may tread
The haunts where Famine rears her pallid head.”

Chill’d with cool horror, silent and aghast,
His pensive eye the howling wild repass’d.
Domestic pleasures each successive rise,
And tears pathetic trickle from his eyes.

" This hour shall mark my undelay'd return,
 And ye, my wife, my babes, no more shall mourn."
 He said—when rushing sounds attracts his ear,
 Before him fleetly dash'd a bounding deer.
 His flushing blood beat quicker at the sight,
 The joyful chace demanded all his might :
 He sprang exultant thro' the opening glade,
 Pursued with ardour midst the deepest shade.
 The flying deer thro' thickets tore his way,
 Urg'd thro' the gloom, and left behind the day ;
 The doubl'ing labyrinths trod with burning feet ;
 Than sound more swift, than driving winds more fleet.
 The hunter onward, rapid, rapid bore,
 The closing boughs distain'd his face with gore ;
 The sword scarce felt him as he forward flew,
 The ground receding press'd him to pursue.
 Now seen, now lost, mov'd on the panting foe,
 The panting hunter's steps became more slow.
 Involv'd and tangl'd in a brake of cane,
 Pursuit was over, for pursuit was vain.
 Restrain'd by meshes interwove with briar,
 He chafes in vain, in vain consumes his fire ;
 His foe escap'd, himself a prisoner bound,
 He moves reluctant o'er the matted ground.
 Impervious brakes appear on every side,
 Intangled canes his utmost force deride.

The glad'ning sun had hasten'd down the sky,
 The moon unseen had hung her orb on high.
 Night in his garment, sable, blank, and drear,
 No ray supplied the wand'rer's steps to cheer :
 A gloomy darkness wove amongst the trees,
 And horror chilly crept along the breeze.
 Cold, hungry, tir'd, despair benumbing ran
 Thro' all his veins—when thus the angry man :
 Why! Why, he cried, does heaven malignant throw
 Its furiate shafts on grov'ling man below ?
 Why form a being ever prone to wrong,
 Whose lengthen'd life his sufferings but prolong ?
 Strike here ye fates ! pour down your tardy death,
 Resume my life, and take my weary breath.
 Is there a man who breathes this baleful earth,
 Who feels not varied sorrows from his birth ?
 Is there a wretch beneath th' inclement sky,
 Whose better portion would not be to die ?"

While thus he spoke, amidst the shades of night,
 A wav'ring blaze burst on his eager sight ;
 A rising fire by Indian warriors pil'd,
 Shed glad refulgence thro' the dreary wild :
 Around they smok'd, in ghastly order spread,
 A skin their garment, and the grass their bed.

A female pris'ner, with a bandage tied,
 Sat near—two children weeping by her side :
 With cautious pace the trembling Vernon mov'd,
 For latent death a cautious pace behov'd.
 In foliage hid—his shrinking senses know
 His wife, his children, sad compeers in woe !
 He rears his rifle—strait th' unerring ball
 Bids death in darkness on the nearest fall :
 Again prepar'd, the shot in thunder flies,
 A second hero, gasping, pants, and dies.
 A third receiv'd the vengeance in his breast,
 And fright, and fear, and horror seized the rest.
 A whist'ling bullet random rush'd along,
 And smarting wounds pursued the flying throng.

His wife unbound—his children round him press'd,
 His wife, his children, were by turns caress'd.
 “ No more, he cried, in search of danger I
 Will tempt the forest, or new regions try ;
 Could I require from heav'ns protecting care,
 That safety which my hand was form'd to bear ?
 Ah me ! I see that man alone is blind,
 By Heav'n directed with affection kind.
 Like me, mankind from truth and virtue stray,
 And leave the better part to vice a prey :

Resolv'd to turn, temptation leaps before,
The heart bounds on, and judgment is no more :
When caught in toils that closely press, we cry
To Heav'n for help, or Providence deny.
But even then, when hope nor help is near,
Benignant mercy may our anguish hear,
From present ill eventual good provide,
To all who in this guardian care confide.
Then come my spouse—proceed, my children dear,
And home once more with sheltering roof shall cheer.”
He said, and onward thro' the tangled road
They joyous mov'd, to find their lov'd abode.

THE PLANTER.

AN ECLOGUE.

SCENE : *An American Log House, with a
little Plantation.—Time, Sunset.*

THE evening airs in southern breezes play'd
Amongst the maples, thro' the forest's shade.
O'er leaves of aspin trembling seem'd to sigh,
Or lost in sweets, on fragrant peaches lie—
The sun unsullied mov'd to ocean's bed,
The chirping birds hung down the weary head;
All nature tranquil breath'd serene repose,
Sublimely silent at the evening's close.

A lonely cot uprear'd its humble head ;
Around, an orchard various fruitage spread.
A simple plat (with herbs and roots supplied)
Slop'd gently bending to a river's side.
A cultur'd field, unhedg'd by ragged thorn,
Bloom'd rich with variegated Indian corn :
Calm silence reign'd at evening's peaceful hour,
Mild was her reign, and gentle was her pow'r :

When on a spangled green with violets gay,
 A planter sat, to see his children play :
 Till tired with sport, they round their parents move
 To ask caresses, or new gifts of love.
 When thus the planter, on a turf-rai'd seat,
 Lean'd on his wife, and kiss'd his children sweet.

“ My sons,” said he “ your father’s voice attend,
 My voice, the council of a faithful friend—
 Beyond these woods, which sweep the flying clouds,
 Whose wide-spread arms our humble cot enshrouds :
 Beyond these woods, which with creation rose,
 A mighty water everlasting flows :
 A lake of waves thought scarce can traverse o’er,
 Land links to land, and fastens shore to shore,
 There storms and tempests lash the sounding main,
 The shuddering shores their fury scarce sustain :
 Billows rough, boiling, rude as mountains hurl’d,
 Shake the foundations of the frighted world.
 Beyond this ocean other countries lay,
 Where arts and commerce shine in bright display.
 Where cities rise midst luxury and ease,
 And pamper’d folly riots in disease.
 There selfish men arrest the bounteous store,
 Given by high Heaven alike to rich and poor,

Self-interest rules—self-interest each divides,
 Burns in the soul, and in the heart resides.
 Friendship, and love, and all domestic ties
 Shrink from the towns, and to the country flies
 Mingled with pomp, pale misery appears,
 And weeping virtue drinks down silent tears.
 The dawning youth exulting in his power,
 Heeds not the gulph, wide opening to devour :
 Feels not the sting, which pleasures leave behind,
 When virtue fails to influence the mind.
 The maid whose virgin charms might touch the heart.
 Enkindle love, and noble thoughts impart,
 Impel to deeds of more than mortal mould,
 Moves not the feelings if undeck'd with gold :
 Or if she shines in beauty fair and bright,
 She shines alone the ruffian to invite :
 Cut down in early youth, no hand to save,
 She sinks a sorrowing victim to the grave."

" There men on men, on nations, nations prey,
 In mad rebellion, brothers, brothers slay.
 Loud-sounding knaves, in freedom's sacred name,
 Engender strife, and set the world in flame ;
 Self-tutor'd censors mock religion's rod,
 Bend down to nature, scoff at nature's God."

" There, for less hire than vagrant reapers know,
 Man destroys man, an undistinguished foe.
 The weeping mother sees her children die,
 And bleeding virgins join the general cry.
 Rude slaughter strides thro' countries red with gore,
 And lisping infants learn to lisp no more.
 The lordly domes, religion's sacred fanes,
 Swell the dark flame that rolls along the plains.
 Resounding arms harsh mingle in the air ;
 Arts, science, learning, general ruin share,
 Yet—yet, my sons, should foreign foes invade,
 Protect your partners in your humble shade.
 When the shrill trump sounds in your country's cause,
 Defend your homes, your children, and your laws :
 Rush to the fight, and dare the generous strife,
 Nor yield the contest but with yielding life."

" But O my darlings, whatsoe'er betide,
 Lend not a listening ear to flattering pride :
 Tempt not the height where giddy breezes play,
 Deep, wide destruction spreads beneath the way.
 For you is spread profusely nature's store,
 Reason with prudence can require no more.
 The gem that sparkles in the blaze of day,
 In sick'ning mines emits no lust'rous ray ;

The silken robe that flowing gay appears,
Is oft times watered with the workman's tears.

“ Here, bless'd by love, beneath the blushing vine,
A blooming offspring shall around you twine.
Your daughters fair, pure as unsullied snow,
Like opening flowers shall blossom where they grow.
No blighting wind of lust or wealth shall tear,
Or strew their beauties in the barren air.
Beneath the peach-trees shall their children play,
And teeming harvest every toil repay.
When tranquil ev'nings tempt your souls to rest,
A pleasing calmness shall o'erspread your breast ;
As yonder sun declining to the wave,
Shall you serene move onward to the grave :
Your children's children shall around you lay,
Till time shall rise in sempeternal day.”

“ The parting wave which from the ocean strays,
Engreens the mountains, thro' the vallies plays,
Midst banks of flowers, where nature sheds her sweets,
And pensive silence from the world retreats,
Then with some river, rapid, rough, and strong,
Confluent rolls its deepening course along ;
Or gently winding, into calm subsides,
Where some fair garden drinks the dimp'ling tides,

Here close imprison'd in a marble pool,
 (Where modest nymphs the summer heats may cool)
 It shines a fountain—lost in airy play,
 Whose drops prismatic gems and tints display.
 But still it murmurs, still it sad complains,
 Thro' verdant meadows, or thro' sterile plains:
 The sea alone, from whence at first it rose,
 Can lull those murmurs into still repose.
 The mighty ocean spreads a boundless deep,
 Where all its wanderings and its cares may sleep."

He ceas'd—the nightingale took up the strain,
 And softly plaintive, pour'd a lov'd complain;
 The fire fly glitter'd thro' the foliage green:
 With streaming lustre sparkling o'er the scene.
 The pious parents then their voices raise;
 Their lovely children join the song of praise;
 Such as was heard at evening's sacred hour,
 Ere guilt was known in paradisial bow'r.

THE MORNING DREAM ;

*Suggested by a similar circumstance which
occurred to a Gentleman in Virginia.*

ON a flowery bank reclining,
O'er my head the roses twining,
 Carelessly I laid.
At my feet a fountain playing,
Gentle Zephyrs round me straying,
 Wanton in the shade.
Apple-trees and peaches blooming,
Sassafras the air perfuming,
 Wildly round me grew :
Sugar maples gently waving,
Willows in the fountain laving,
 Gratified my view.
Green tobacco tufted growing,
Indigo carnation'd blowing,
 At a distance spread :
Birds of various plumage singing,
Bees on honey'd blossoms winging,
 Humm'd around my head.

Prone upon the verdure sinking,
 Sleep reliev'd the task of thinking,
 When before my sight ;
 Blushing Laura, sweetly smiling,
 Deck'd with every grace beguiling,
 Stood array'd in white.
 Maiden fairest, said I, sighing,
 All these smiles bespeak complying,
 On my bosom rest ;
 Time on pinion'd down is fleeting ;
 Is thy heart responsive beating,
 Genial to my breast ?
 Speak, I cried, her shadow pressing,
 Mutual love is mutual blessing !
 When I smarting wake ;
 Round my anguish'd arm was twining,
 Rich in burnish'd armour shining,
 Flashing fire, a snake.
 Pleasure thus for ever cheating,
 Now advancing, now retreating,
 Mocks the eager hold :
 Virtue, modesty adorning,
 Like this vision of the morning,
 Checks the rude and bold.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AT the denunciation of war, the Indians sing the exploits of their Fathers, and join in what they call the Death Dance; in which they utter horrid cries, cutting themselves, and waving burning knots of the pine tree in the air. The reader may compare this war song (which is a versification of that sung by the Cherokees on occasion) with the Ode of King Regner Lodbrog. From thence may be drawn a parallel between the early ages of human cultivation.

INDIAN WAR SONG.

YE warriors brave, come sing the song—
The song of praise does well belong
To him, who in tremendous fight
Dar'd the hardest deeds of might :
His bones shall not unburied lie,
To bleach beneath a stormy sky.

Sing, sing of heroes great and brave,
Who seek and find a deathless grave.
Their country shall attest their fame,
Shall glory in their far-spread name ;
Their children's children shall prolong
Their feats by act, as well as song.

Sing, sing the warrior's mighty deed
Who for his country's glory bleeds :
Whose martial actions long remain
In heaps upon the purple plain ;
Whose foes to icy caverns fly,
To shun the lightning of his eye.

In shouts ye warlike youths advance,
Shout to the death-born sacred dance ;

Dig up the hatchet deeply laid
Beneath the turf, in darkest shade.
Haste to pursue thro' realms unknown,
The foe who dies without a groan.

Go ! go ! resistless warriors, go !
Spread reeking vengeance round the foe ;
Return their insults—check their pride,
And teach them how your fathers died.
Far strew their bodies o'er the plain,
And scalp the dastard victims slain.

Join, join, ye virgins, join the song,
Ye widows mingle in the throng ;
Revenge, revenge, ye chieftains cry !
The blazing pines hurl thro' the sky.
The dance of death we madly tread,
And rush to mingle midst the dead.

THE DEATH SONG
OF
A DANISH WARRIOR,

▲ AT THE TIME HE WAS GOING TO BE CUT IN
PIECES BY ORDER OF HIS CONQUEROR.*

PURPLE gleams the setting sun,
Purple gleams the sinking day,
Now the work of death's begun,
Now the sword begins to play.

Laugh we at the glittering steel,
Drinking deep our vital blood ;
Sharpest wounds we scorn to feel,
Bathing in the trick'ling flood.

Joy diffuses o'er my soul,
When I think of Odin's hall†—

* *Vide five pieces of Runic poetry.*—London, 1763, 8vo. *Olavi Wormii Lit. Run. ad cale.*

† *See the next poem.*

Death thou canst not me controul,
Gladly I obey thy call.

There the feast is now prepar'd ;
Thither as a guest I speed :
Ere the reeking brawn is shar'd,
Ere the cup receives the mead.

Seated in the splendid dome,
Skulls of foes in battle kill'd,
Shall by virgins in their bloom,
Be with beer and amber fill'd.

Shall a brave man fear to die ?
Scorns he not a timorous word ?
Then near Odin's hall shall I
To utter sighs of grief be heard.

THE
PALACE OF ODIN ;

A CELTIC FRAGMENT, FROM THE EDDA,
ICELAND.—*Mythol.* 31, 33, 34, 35.

WARRIORS bold, in bright array,
Warriors pause, while I display
Things, that at a future date,
Shall be born of teeming fate,
Odin's hall demands my praise ;
There shall heroes spend their days.
None but those who die in fight,
In Valhalla hall* delight.

* *Valhalla was the palace of Odin, where he received all who died in a violent manner from the beginning of the world, and who are to remain there, till a new creation, called Ragnozockur, or The Twilight of the Gods. After this they are to enter on an eternal abode, called Gimle; that is, a palace covered with gold, where they were to enjoy delights forever. On the contrary, the wicked were condemned to Niflheim, or Evil-home, where they were to dwell in a palace, the walls of which were composed of serpent's heads turned inwards, which constantly spout-*

There the ghosts in battle slain,
 Long shall revel, long shall reign,
 Ev'ry morn in martial bands,
 Filing over flowery lands :
 Glittering bright in burning mail,
 Rank on rank they fierce assail,
 Hurling in promiscuous throng,
 Raging as they roll along.
 Mangling slaughter wide around,
 Scatters heroes o'er the ground ;
 Blood in drops of crimson hue,
 Tips the herbs like morning dew,
 Thus they sport with ghastly wounds,
 Till the trump to revel sounds :
 Then on prancing coursers gay,
 Back they speed their airy way :
 To Valhalla hall, where joy,
 Mirth, and noise, their hours employ.

ed venom upon the unhappy, while a large wolf preyed upon their carcasses. The reader must remark, however he may smile at the intermixed absurdities, that those nations of the North, far from all intercourse with the learning of the East, of Greece, and of Rome, yet believed in future rewards and punishments, the immortality of the soul, and the great principle of a Supreme Deity.

High upon a mighty board,
 Piles of grizz'ly brawn are stor'd.
 Ev'ry day Serimner* bleeds,
 Ev'ry day the same succeeds.
 Twice ten thousand warriors there,
 Feast upon a giant's share.
 Foaming mead, and gen'rous beer,
 Heroes loud exulting cheer :
 From one single goat supplied,
 Flows the rich nectareous tide.
 Skulls of foes in battle slain,
 Mantling liquors brim'd contain.
 Odin there, above the rest,
 Sits array'd in purple vest.
 He alone drinks sparkling wine,
 Warlike glories round him shine.
 Virgins in this happy state,
 At the banquet table wait ;

* *Serimner, the name of a boar, which, according to their mythology, was slain every day, and every day renovated. His flesh is sufficient for all the heroes, though their number is incalculable. One goat supplies them with drink, which they enjoy from the skulls of their enemies, and never give over until completely intoxicated, when they rise fresh in the morning, and after cutting each other in pieces, return again to the banquet.—Mallet's Northern Antiquities.*

Fill the cups with liquor o'er,
Joining in the lengthen'd roar.
Warriors young, and warriors old,
In your country's cause be bold.
He who is in battle slain,
Shall in Odin's hall remain,
Till the azure twilight dawn,
The signal of eternal morn:
The just, the good, shall then arise,
And dwell beneath unclouded skies.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Ode was composed by Regner Lodbrog in the torments preceding his death. He was a celebrated warrior, poet, and pirate : he reigned in Denmark about the beginning of the Ninth century. After a long series of maritime expeditions into the most distant countries, his fortune at length failed him in England. Taken prisoner in battle by his adversary, Ella, who was King of that part of the island ; he perished by the bite of serpents, with which they had filled the prison he was confined in. Two of his sons were slain in battle, but he left behind him several others, who revenged his death, as he foretold in his verses.

This Ode is to be found in several Icelandic Chronicles, and its versification, language and style, leave no doubt of its authenticity. Wormius has given the text in Runic characters, with a Latin version, and large Notes, in his *Lituratura Runica*, page 197. It was originally in 29 stropes, but for the better versification, and to avoid the too frequent replication, they are given the Reader in the present form.

THE ODE

OF

KING REGNER LODBROG.

Written about the 9th Century.

1.

We fought with swords upon that day,
When to the East I led the way;
The yellow-footed eagles there,
Enjoy'd with rav'ning wolves their share.
One wound the purple ocean seem'd,
Such torrents from the slaughter'd stream'd.

2.

We fought with swords in that dread fight,
When Helsing's warriors own'd my might :
In ships we went to Ifa's strand,
Where reeking lances strew'd the land :
Divided armour rang around,
The clanging shields return'd the sound.

3.

We fought with swords on England's shore,
And twice five thousand steep'd in gore.
In clouds of dust our foes we slew,
Our swords distill'd the purple dew.
The arrows o'er our helmets rush'd,
The blood in bubbling fountains gush'd;
The steel rekindl'd in the sky,
Like meteors gleaming as they fly :
That day for me had equal charms,
With fairest virgin in my arms.

4.

We fought with swords at break of day,
When twilight clad the hills in grey ;
A furious storm sung o'er the shields,
And lifeless heroes strew'd the fields.
From battle fled the straiten'd foe,
His helmet felt the biting blow.
That day bestow'd more ardent bliss,
Than blooming widows' softest kiss ;
When at the highest table plac'd,
With brawn and sparkling goblets grac'd.

5.

We fought with swords in Fleming's land,
The battle rag'd upon the sand;
The waving banners stream'd along,
The dust obscur'd the shouting throng.
At early day the warriors fell,
Contending who should most excel.
'Twas Egill's sword reach'd Agnar's heart,
And bade the gallant youth depart.
My son, who never knew to fear,
In battle clos'd his swift career:
The maids with golden tresses torn,
Bewail'd the slaughter of that morn.

6.

We fought with swords amongst the isles,
Where fortune changed her wonted smiles:
There Herthiofe victorious proved,
My son fell there—my son beloved.
Beneath a shower of darts he fell,
His nodding plume was known too well.
The birds of prey bewail'd his fall,
Who gave a banquet to them all.

7.

We fought with swords that day, when I
 In death's dim twilight caus'd to fly
 The youthful chief, with flowing hair* ;
 Who passed the morn with maidens fair :
 Who with the handsome widows play'd,
 Conversing in the evening shade.
 What is the portion of the brave,
 But still to find an early grave ?
 To fall 'midst storms of iron hail,
 When hissing arrows round assail :
 The wretch who flies from wounds and strife,
 Must drag a tardy, lingering life :
 His dastard soul no courage knows,
 Within his breast no honor glows.

8.

We fought with swords—but ah ! my sons,
 The venom through my bosom runs.
 Ah ! if ye knew your father's fate,
 No blood could quench your mortal hate.

* *Herald, surnamed Harfagre, or Fair Locks, King of Norway.*—Mallet's Northern Antiquities.

The vipers through my entrails tear,
 My bosom beats, my heart is bare.
 Soon, soon, my sons, who ne'er were slack,
 In Ella's blood their swords shall black;
 Their rage is as consuming flame,
 They ne'er shall rest to right my name.

9.

We fought with swords in battle long,
 Beneath my banners, proud and strong
 Full five score times to war I led,
 With floating ensigns o'er my head:
 My polish'd lance from early years,
 Has caus'd the maids and matron's tears.
 In blood the steel has oft been steep'd,
 Has oft the slain around me heap'd.
 No king more valiant was than I,
 No king I thought could with me vie.
 But now I cease—lo! Odin sends
 To lead me to his kindred friends.
 The blue-eyed virgins softly call
 My ghost to Odin's splendid hall;
 Where placed on high, I long shall share,
 In songs of triumph, maidens fair.

Shall quaff with Gods the generous cheer
Of foaming mead, and sparkling beer.
The hours of life have rolled by,
I laughing lived—I laughing die.

ADVERTISEMENT.

HAROLD the Valiant lived about the 11th century. He was the most renowned warrior of his time. He complains in this Ode that the glory he had acquired by so many exploits had not been able to make any impression on Elissif, or Elizabeth, the daughter of Jarislas, King of Russia. It is characteristic of that gallantry which gave birth to the Age of Chivalry.

ODE OF
HAROLD THE VALIANT.

From an Iceland Chronicle, called
KNYTILINGA SAGA.

1.

MY ships in gallant trim, and splendid,
Made the long Sicilian tour ;
My vessel dark, with storms contended,
Midst the raging waves secure.
Warlike prowess still adorns me,
Yet a Russian maiden scorns me.

2.

In my youth I fought at Drontheim,
There the troops outnumber'd ours ;
Dead upon the field King Lonlein
Fell midst iron-sleeted showers.
Warlike prowess still adorns me,
Yet a Russian maiden scorns me.

3.

Once our ships in unknown ocean,
 Felt the whirling surges rise.
 Then we stay'd her beating motion,
 (Hope and valour strength supplies.)
 Warlike prowess still adorns me,
 Yet a Russian maiden scorns me.

4.

I perform eight feats of glory*,
 Great in fight—on horseback firm;
 None in skating are before me,
 From my bow the arrows burn.
 Warlike prowess still adorns me,
 Yet a Russian maiden scorns me,

5.

Will she own, the lovely maiden,
 Near a southern city placed;

* *Six are only enumerated in the original.*

I return'd with trophies laden,
And my deeds in slaughter traced.
 Warlike prowess still adorns me,
 Yet a Russian maiden scorns me.

6.

Rugged Norway's country bore me,
Deep in hills of lasting snow :
Where the infant, and the hoary,
Learn to twang the sounding bow.
I preferr'd my vessels guiding,
Midst black rocks and ragged shores ;
Far from human dwelling riding,
Where the foaming ocean roars.
 Warlike prowess still adorns me,
 Yet a Russian maiden scorns me.

THE

DEATH OF MENROCK.

MOURNS the maid of Erin's shore?
Mourns she to the torrent's roar?
Mourns she for her lover slain
On the dark and misty plain?
Cease thy wailing maiden fair,
Menrock ne'er can sooth thy care:
Thy warrior brave is gone to rest;
Green's the turf on Menrock's breast.
His ghost at night dejected groans,
To hear thy plaints, to hear thy moans.
Cease then, maiden fair, O cease,
And let thy lover rest in peace.

So the brave, who die in fight,
Seek the shades of deepest night.
Or by love's complainings torn,
Quit the grave, and steal forlorn;
O'er the wild and wildering waste,
On flitting wings in hurried haste.
Or beneath the craggy steep,
Sigh responses to the deep:

Murmuring to the murmuring waves,
Echo'd sad by hollow graves.

Cease then, maiden fair, O cease,
And let thy lover rest in peace.

Brave was Menrock in the fight,
Gleam'd his sword like meteors bright.
From his healthy couch he rose,
To rush upon his nation's foes.
Nought his arm in fight could stay,
Nought the whirlwind of his way.
Chief of heroes fam'd from far,
Born to arms, and bred to war.
Warriors trembled at his name,
Blue-ey'd virgins sang his fame.

Cease then, maiden fair, O cease,
And let thy lover rest in peace.

Fall'n is Menrock's lofty pride !
Fall'n upon the mountain's side !
Dark-brown Morvan, hid beneath
The hawthorn, on the northern heath,
Dealt the keen unerring blow,
That laid the King of warriors low.

Now his ghost at midnight wakes,
Now thy grief full sore partakes ;
Sighs in cadence to thy tale,
Or deeply murmurs in the gale.

Cease then, maiden fair, O cease,
And let thy lover rest in peace.

MORNA.

FROM OSSIAN'S FINGAL.—BOOK I.

1.

DUCHOMAR to the cave of Tura
Came at evening's gentle fall ;
There he saw the beauteous Morna,
Blue-ey'd maid of Tura's hall.

2.

“ Daughter of the strong-arm'd Cormac,
Fairer than the fairest maid,
Why with gloomy rocks encircled,
Sittest thou alone,” he said.

3.

“ Rolls the stream with many murmurs,
Groans the wind thro' hoary trees,

'Fore thee moves the lake in trouble,
Dark the clouds are on the breeze.

4.

" Thy hair is as the mist on Cromla,
Glittering to the western beams :
Thy breasts like two smooth rocks of Branno
Branno, chief of many streams."

5.

" From whence," the fair-hair'd maid requested,
" Whence, Duchomar, art thou here ?
Man, midst men, most dark and gloomy,
Red thy rolling eyes appear.

6.

" From the hill I come, O Morna!
From the hill of dark-brown hinds.
Three I slew with arrows sounding,
Three with dogs more fleet than winds."

7.

“ Thee I love—fair Cormac’s daughter ;
I for thee a deer have slain ;
High his branchy head he carried,
Bounding o’er the heathy plain.”

8.

“ Duchomar,” calm the maiden answer’d ;
“ Gloomy man, I love thee not.
Hard’s thy heart, as rock obdurate ;
Dark’s thy brow, thy soul is hot.

9.

“ Cathba, youngest son of Torman,
Morna loves his gallant form :
He to me is as a sun-beam,
Breaking thro’ the darkest storm.

10.

“ Sawest thou the son of Torman,
Lovely on the hill of Deer ?—

Cormac's daughter waits thy coming,
Cathba haste to meet me here !”

11.

“ Long shall Morna wait for Cathba,
Long shall Morna wait,” he said.
“ See this bloody sword unsheathed,
Cathba wanders with the dead.

12.

“ By Branno's stream he fell.—O Morna !
Never shall the youth return.
Daughter of blue-shielded Cormac,
Strong am I, as storms that burn.”

13.

“ Is the son of Torman fallen ?”
Wildly cried the trembling maid ;
“ He whose breast was snow is fallen,
On the echoing hills is laid.

14.

" Foremost to the chace he bounded,
Foe to strangers of the wave.
Thou art dark to me, Duchomar,
Thou art cruel as the grave!"

15.

" Give that sword to me, yet bleeding,
Cathba's wandering blood I love."
To her tears and sighs acceding,
Sighs and tears his pity move.

16.

She his manly bosom pierced,
Like a bank of streams he fell,
Stretching forth his hand he murmur'd,
Murmur'd as the waves that swell.

17.

" Daughter of blue-shielded Cormac,
Thou hast slain me in my pride :

The sword is cold within my bosom,
Cold, O Morna ! in my side.

18.

“ Give me to the gentle Moina,
I am still her dream by night ;
She my tomb will raise with sorrow ;
Hunters in my fame delight.

19.

Morna, Cormac's daughter, hither,
Draw the sword from out my breast :
The steel is cold.—O blue-ey'd maiden,
Soon shall close mine eyes in rest.”

20.

She came, in all her tears bewailing ;
She drew the sword besmeared with blood :
Her side of driven snow he pierced,
Bursting rush'd the crimson blood.

21.

On the ground her fair locks trailed,
Her white arm was stain'd with red :
The cave return'd her sighs of anguish,
Till her fleeting spirit fled.

22.

Peace to the souls of ancient heroes,
Peace to the mansions of the brave ;
Tales of times of old shall cheer us,
Tales that sleep not in the grave.

ODE TO PEACE.

THEE would I sing, celestial maid!
 'Thee, fairest daughter of the sky.
 In azure robe of gentle shade,
 Come, and thy softest smile supply.
 Long ere the day-star shone at morn,
 In heav'n's high regions thou wert born.
 Beneath thine influence all had rest,
 And aerial spirits by thy charms were blest.

Thy power around the Great Supreme,
 In awful silence ever reigns;
 Thy praise still mingling in the theme
 Of heavenly love, in Seraph's strains.
 When kindling stars first rush'd to light,
 And day broke on eternal night,
 Thee, Peace! angelic minstrels sung;
 For from thee Love and Harmony are sprung.

With man in paradisial bowers,
 Thou oft enjoy'd the eve serene;
 Gave pleasure to the fleeting hours,
 New verdure to the fragrant green.

By thee meek Innocence was led
 To slumber on her flowery bed :
 While grateful dreams her fancy trac'd
 Pure as the fount, and as the dew-drop chaste.

But soon was heard discordant sound,
 For Vice, with all her haggard train,
 Spread sad confusion wide around,
 And Friendship banish'd from the plain.
 Then War leap'd up, a dæmon dire,
 Whose glances flash consuming fire :
 Whose arm destruction rapid sends,
 And all things great in one wild ruin blends.

Far hence, from earth then didst thou fly ;
 From realms where rapine rul'd alone.
 Sorrow sat trembling in thine eye,
 And grief compress'd thy silver zone :
 Yet still at times thy form is seen
 In pleasant groves, or vallies green,
 Where savage war, and strife forgot,
 With Love thou deign'st to bless the peasant's cõt.

In meditation, far retir'd
 From all the busy schemes of men,

The wise thy friendship have desir'd ;
 For fools alone thy charms contemn.
 The sister arts that raise mankind,
 High as from matter soars the mind,
 Exist alone beneath thy beams,
 Which pour fresh knowledge in exhaustless streams.

Then holy Peace descend and reign,
 Extend thine empire firm and sure ;
 Let Harmony attend thy train,
 And all thy children dwell secure.
 So smiling Plenty shall adorn
 The trees with fruit, the fields with corn :
 The fleecy flocks, in pasture gay,
 Shall browse and frolic as they careless stray.

The plains enrob'd in smiling green,
 The meadows flowering shall appear ;
 Profusion blushing o'er the scene,
 Shall yield her increase thro' the year.
 Music shall teach her strings thy name,
 And Crime shall couchant shrink with shame.
 In friendship men shall pass their days,
 And war's hard notes expire in songs of praise.

HIALMER AND GERTRUDE ;

A BALLAD.

SOFTLY dash'd the pensive ocean,
Gently sigh'd the passing gale ;
To the rocks the slushing motion
Seem'd to tell a plaintive tale.

When a maid, at eve retiring,
Stray'd along the sandy shore,
And the lamp of day expiring,
Shed its glad'ning light no more.

Wanton in the wind, and cheerless,
Flow'd her loose and lovely hair ;
Mild her look, but ah ! how peerless
Every motion of the fair !

Dress'd in weeds of saddest sable,
Dress'd in robes of mourning hue ;
(Weeds to tell the mind unable,
Speak alone the sorrow due.)

Now she paus'd in thoughtful sadness,
Round she glanc'd her trembling eye,
Wild as touch'd with kindling madness,
Frowning at the low'ring sky.

Now advancing quick, now slowly,
Sudden starts betray'd her mind;
Then she to the ground bent lowly,
List'ning to the sighing wind.

On a rock that rough projected,
Where the ragged samphire grew,
And the blacken'd steep erected
Barriers to the rising view.

Careless sat the lovely maiden,
Careless on the sea-beat shore.
Sick at heart, with grief o'erladen,
She nor heard the waters roar.

" Here," she cried, " he used to meet me;
On this rock Hjalmer brave,
Oft at eve was wont to greet me,
Ere he tried the treacherous war.

" Oh! my lov'd Hialmer, never,
Never shall my soul forego
Those fond ties that death would sever,
With the ruthless grasp of woe.

" Love our hearts with bonds united,
Pure as is celestial flame ;
Sacred as the truth we plighted
In the holy Virgin's name.

" Cruel, cruel death! to sunder
Two whose hearts together grew :
Could not some less nobler plunder
Satisfy thy greedy view?

" Brave and noble was my lover,
Bravest of the mountain's brown ;
Terror fill'd the lawless rover,
Shrinking from his threat'ning frown.

" When the winds blew bleak and cheerless,
Howling o'er the heathy waste,
Then Hialmer, 'lone and fearless,
O'er the sward the robber trac'd.

“ Oft at midnight has he sallied
On the proud and Danish foe;
Oft his country’s courage rallied,
To return their vengeful blow.

“ Caledonia long shall mourn him,
(He of all her chiefs the pride)
All their prayers can ne’er return him,
Ne’er restore him to his bride.

“ He pursued the Danes embattled,
O’er the black and faithless waves;
Bark to bark the lances rattled,
Wounds and death the warrior braves.

“ Nought could stay the direful clangor,
Nought the rage that Scotia fir’d;
Burning with revengeful anger,
In the waves the Danes expir’d.

“ But the battle gain’d and over,
Round the victors tempests sweep;
Furious spirits o’er them hover,
Adding terrors to the deep.

“ Oh! my lov'd Hjalmer, hear me,
Hear me in the silent main;
With thy wonted accents cheer me,
From the green and liquid plain.

“ Ah! what voice or whispering spirit
Does thy Gertrude faintly call?
Who can sounds like these inherit!
Sounds that tremble as they fall.”

From the sea-bed undulating,
Rose a mist of deepest blue;
Spreading wide—then dissipating,
Left a bodied form in view.

Thrice it Gertrude called, and sighing,
Thrice it beckoned to the maid;
Gertrude with the call complying,
Hasten'd to the well-known shade.

O'er the briny sands long pacing,
Where the sea-weeds gently wav'd;
Still the rocky mazes tracing,
By the rising billows lav'd.

She pursued the warrior, fleeting
 Thro' the shades that night o'erspread ;
 Till the tide denied retreating,
 And the rocks hung o'er her head.

Here he sudden paus'd, and bending,
 To the wild and frighted maid,
 " Gertrude ! Gertrude ! this the ending,
 This our bed of love," he said.

" Here beneath the waves translucid,
 Many a spirit happy dwells ;
 Amber groves and domes pellucid,
 Deck'd with weeds and glittering shells.

" Form retreats where sea nymphs daily,
 Hymn their songs of love and war ;
 And the wandering spirits gaily,
 Join in chorus from afar.

" Haste thee, Gertrude, haste my dearest,
 'Tis Hjalmer bids thee come ;
 Is it death, or waves thou fearest,
 In thy passage to the tomb ?"

Gradual then the spirit sinking,
Beckon'd with deceitful smile—
Gazing wild, nor longer thinking,
Loosen'd sands her feet beguile.

Plunging in the sorrowing ocean,
Every sense of danger fled ;
And the wave's returning motion
Clos'd for ever o'er her head.

Oft when moonlight's pensive lustre
Trembles on the curling pool,
And the winds have ceas'd to bluster,
Sighing faint at ev'ning cool.

Hand in hand are seen to wander
O'er the deep these spirits dear ;
As the billows smooth meander,
Now are seen, now disappear.

Or when black'ning tempests roaring,
Threat to wash the bending skies,
Gertrude's spirit loud deploring,
Warns the seamen with her cries.

MULETEER'S SONG.

YE maidens fair of feature,
Than dews of morning sweeter,
 Attend my song,
 Nör think it long,
That pinion'd time flies fleeter.
While on your cheek reposes
The bloom of fragrant roses,
 Your dimpling smiles
 Each heart beguiles,
And tender love discloses.
Then sing with me ye happy maids,
Cooling fountains, pleasing shades ;
Where love and youth, for ever gay,
Sport the fleeting hours away.
Come heré, ye maidens witty,
Forsake the towns and city ;
 A rustic life,
 Devoid of strife,
Becomes the young and pretty.

Here all is mirth and pleasure,
Health is the peasant's treasure;
 The nymphs invite,
 And sweet delight,
The happy moment's measure.
Then sing with me, ye happy maids,
Cooling fountains, pleasing shades,
Where love and youth, for ever gay,
Sport the fleeting hours away.

THE SIGH.

GO, gentle sigh, to ease my breast,
And on Virginia's bosom rest ;
Go, gentle sigh, my heart now swelling,
And in her bosom make thy dwelling.

Go sigh, and bearing as you go,
The scents of all the flowers that blow :
Waft each perfume, that breathes of pleasure,
To her, the pride of Nature's treasure.

Go, gentle sigh, and speed thy way,
Warm from my heart without delay ;
Pour in her ear the love-lorn ditty,
And sweetly soothe her soul to pity.

Go, vagrant go, o'er dale and hill,
Nor stay thee near the tinkling rill :
Nor whisper with the whispering rushes,
Nor linger where the water slushes.

Let not the blushing village lass
Attract, as o'er the lawn you pass ;
Nor let her 'witching graces stay thee,
Lest tales unmeaning should betray me.

Go, gentle sigh, to where the maid
Reposes in the tranquil shade ;
Her ear with love's complainings greeting,
Soft as thyself, and oh ! as fleeting.

Or if she thee disdains to hear,
Thy pinions lightly waving near,
Still in her wanton tresses straying,
Or in her garments idly playing.

Go, mingle with her balmy breath,
Nor fear her anger will be death ;
For life renew'd shall bless thy daring :
With her etherial Zephyrs sharing.

Return, then, gentle sigh, return ;
With rapture glow, with ardour burn :
Inhal'd by me (with bliss past telling)
My breast shall be thy constant dwelling.

SERENADE.

ART thou awake, or art thou sleeping,
 Love may attack thee, Lady fair ?
 Where is the heart so safe in keeping,
 As to elude the secret snare ?
 Cupid, a wanton, slily enters,
 Sometimes the eye, sometimes the ear ;
 Boldly to gilded domes he ventures,
 Wrapp'd in the garb of bashful fear.

SYMPHONY.

Rise thee and hear me, Lady fair.

Then, dearest maid, be not disdain-
 ing,
 That power the proudest once must feel :
 List to an heart whose fond complaining,
 Love's brightest passion would reveal.
 Then again close thine eyes in slumbers—
 Should love perchance invade thy breast,
 Music attuned to softest numbers,
 Shall soothe thy mind to sweetest rest.

SYMPHONY.

Rise thee and hear me, Lady fair.

REQUIEM.

SOLO.—BY A NUN,

Accompanied by a mournful Sympathy.

VAIN are our cares, vain are our fears,
Or hoping of to-morrow ;
Man, through this transient term of years,
Is still the child of sorrow.
The wavering breath of human life,
As burns awhile the taper,
So shines midst want, and pain, and strife,
Then vanishes in vapour.
Say what is man, that he should be
By Heaven's Most High regarded ?
Or how from vice and sin set free,
With future life rewarded ?

RESPONSE.—SOLO, BY A MONK.

He who for human nature died,
In mercy will forgive ;
And those who in His power confide,
Shall in his glory live.

CHORUS.

Then raise the lofty organ's note,
Peal on peal resounding high ;
Strains that up to heav'n may float,
And wake the concord of the sky :
Then louder, louder, louder sing,
Hosannah to our God and King.

SOLO.

Ye gates cerulian backwards fly,
Ye everlasting doors give way,
She comes—the daughter of the sky,
And strains celestial round her play.

CHANT TO THE VIRGIN.

Receive, O Virgin, mother of mankind,
 This sainted daughter to thy holy rest ;
 To thee her spotless spirit is consign'd,
 To thee she comes, a meek and peaceful
 guest.

On earth awhile she bloom'd a fragrant flow'r ;
 No roughen'd thought disturbed her tranquil
 mind ;
 But soon elaps'd, of life, her fading hour,
 She fled, and left mortality behind.

Ye sister angels, bending down to hear
 The song of glory, which we feebly raise ;
 Benignant smile, as with a listening ear,
 Ye catch the tribute of our partial praise.

TRIO.

No more will we on earth repine
 A sister mild, a friend sincere ;
 In worlds of glory shall she shine,
 Where crimes ne'er move the secret tear.

Angelic spirits—glad prepare
 Robes of white, and spotless shade ;
 On untextur'd pinions bear
 The spirit of this happy maid.

RECITATIVE.

To paradisial bowers for ever green,
 Where palm trees blooming cool the fervid ray :
 And blazing glory, thro' the sacred scene,
 Sheds splendid grandeur in eternal day.
 There saints and seraphs, near the living streams
 Of flowing fountains, ever mild and pure ;
 In smiling visions, or in grateful themes,
 Praise Him who was, and ever shall endure.

GRAND CHORUS.

Loud, loud hallelujahs, ascending on high,
 Archangels and Seraphs enraptur'd reply
 In chorus, still rising, that never knows end,
 Loud, loud hallelujahs for ever ascend.

LINES

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY.

1795.

GO, idle paper, to the maid
 Whose charms have taught my anxious breast
 That Love may every heart invade,
 And tranquil minds deprive of rest.
 Go then, and while thy lines are reading,
 For me be kindly interceding.

Tell her, I live but in her smiles—
 'Tho' true—she never smil'd on me ;
 But Hope and Love, with flattering wiles,
 Lead me those fancied smiles to see.
 Smiles of *contempt* perhaps now rising,
 The lines and writer both despising.

Go, happy paper, fearless go,
 Nor dread the *flames* that thee await ;

Flames in thy master's bosom glow,
Than why shouldst thou lament thy fate.
Go, from her hands receive thine ending,
Off'ring to Love—in flames ascending.

But should she read, and lay thee by,
Be sure her breast can kindness feel.
Ah ! couldst thou read it in her eye,
For thou wouldst ne'er the glance reveal.
Go then, and to her heart appealing:
Nought that I doubt or hope concealing.

Bear then thy master's message straight ;
Say much I love—say much I fear—
Say that her frowns, contempt and hate,
Are what I cannot, could not bear.
Say that without her, life's no blessing,
No endearment worth possessing.

THE
EASY LOVER.

A BALLAD.

1.

COME love me, cried *Colin*, one day, to his lass,
Why frown you thus always upon me ?
For if, my dear girl, you'd but look in your glass,
You'd see that those frowns don't become ye.
Beside, let me tell ye, tho' great be my love,
'Tis kindness alone can support it :
And if you thus always by frowning reprove,
I must fly, and by absence retort it.

/
2.

Away ! replied *Chloe*, who wants you to stay ?
Go, go, and no never come nigh me ;
I'm sure when your present, I wish you away,
To retort on my heart I defy ye.

I'll frown when I please, and I'll smile when I
 chuse,
 And to you it shall ne'er be accounted :
 So go and tell *Rose* that your love I refuse,
 With her you perhaps may surmount it.

3.

I thank you, said *Colin*; I'll take your advice,
 For *Rose* is as handsome as you be;
 And since you refuse me for reasons so nice,
 Longer sighing would mark me a booby.
 Beside if she's pretty, she also has wit,
 To know when to take what love offers.
 What says the old proverb? when one don't befit,
 To another then tender your proffers.

LINES

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Who writes only Verses on Melancholy.

WHY mourns thy muse in strains unknown to
joy:

Why always brooding o'er some secret grief,
Thy ardent mind its texture may destroy,
And shrouding madness be thy last relief.

Has life no charms to tempt thy sicken'd sight,
The world no pleasures to allure thy view?
What if the present prospect be not bright,
Others endure the clouds that shadow you.

Has Love attun'd thy strains to mournful song?
Of wrongs and slights, and pride, no more com-
plain.

Select some modest partner from the throng,
And treat the triflers with a just disdain.

Has Friendship charm'd thee with insidious guiss,
Profess'd a flame reciprocal and strong ;
The phantom fading, should it thee surprise,
For who retains the fickle flut'rer long.

Then as a traveller, take what life supplies ;
Some cooling springs, some fruit may fresh the
way,
Which, rude and rugged, leads to kinder skies,
Where home shall smile in everlasting day.

WILL-WITH-A-WISP.

THE traveller rode quick thro' the shadings of
night,

The winds whistled round him, the stars hid their
light.

No cottage, no shelter appear'd to be nigh,
The clouds low and heavy sail'd o'er the dark sky.

What is it he sees that he starts with surprise?

'Tis a taper, that comfort at distance supplies.

Straight onward, o'er hill and thro' valley he rode.

The taper shone faint from some humble abode :

But still as he rode over bog, moss, and mire,

The light, yet at distance, seem'd never the nigher,

What is it he sees thro' the vapours of night?

'Tis a castle, a light from the tow'r burning bright.

Thro' mazes, thro' windings, so dreary his way,

He rode in pursuit of the castle so gay :

But still as he seems to advance with full speed,

The battlements vanish, the walls they recede.

What is it, what is it before him moves slow?

'Tis a shepherd, whose lantern will guide him to go.

The trav'ler spurr'd forward, thrice call'd, and
again,

The shepherd unheeding mov'd o'er the dark
plain;

Bewilder'd, confounded, thro' quagmires he hies,
In vain he pursues, for the phantom still flies.

What sees he, what is it, why starts he with
fear?

'Tis a torrent that roars harsh and rough in his ear.

The mildews hung round him, the wind loudly
roar'd,

New perils surround him, the mists are abroad.

The meteors of night glance a sorrowful gleam,

The marshes betray his tir'd steed to the stream.

What is it, what is it new comfort supplies?

Tis Will-with-a-wisp, and the traveller dies.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHOEVER has visited Bethlehem Hospital within the last five years, must remember Mr. M—. The following verses are merely a versification of a speech he made while the Author was present. His cell is adorned with singular maps and plans drawn with his own hand, expressive of his imaginary cities and kingdoms ; and many mandates of his vengeance and mercy are suspended against the walls. He exhibits an awful and impressive picture of an elegant and cultivated mind in ruins. When we hear his decrees, when we feel the elegance of his manners, when we behold the dignity of his countenance, the mind might well give credit to his assertions : but when we see him chained on a bed of straw, every feeling of pity is called forth, and we must sigh for ourselves, and for human nature.

THE MANIAC.

I AM your sov'reign Lord the King,
Born to command the Universe.
Remotest nations to me bring
Tributes of wealth, which I disperse.
My fostering care o'er all obtains ;
From some I take, to some I give—
My first commandment this ordains,
That every human soul shall live.
Do kings or people dare refuse,
Unutterable death ensues :—
The rapid lightning's not so sure,
As is the vengeance they endure.

Enthron'd in justice, here am I :
All nations round me dwell secure ;
Mercy sits smiling in mine eye,
For long I suffer, long endure.
But if the hardy rebel dare,
Because my justice I delay,
The arm of terror then I bare,
And hurl him from the face of day.

Better provoke the lion's rage,
Or war with hungry wolves to wage ;
To rouse the tempest from its sleep,
Or buffet with the angry deep.

Around my palace cities rise,
Philosophy her temple rears,
Each artist gains a certain prize,
And age a tribute to its years.
Soon as shall Fate ordain me king,
To rule the seasons of the sky,
The hills shall laugh, the vallies sing,
And plenty shall receive supply.
For 'tis my will that war shall cease,
And all my empire dwell in peace.
Let this my mandate be made known,
For I am King from Zone to Zone.

EDEN.

*Written upon revisiting that Romantic
Stream in Westmoreland, after an absence
of Fourteen Years.*

1800.

ARE these the bow'rs, are these the once-lov'd
shades?

Are these the meadows, these the flowery glades?

Is this thy stream, O Eden! murmuring slow,

In lazy progress scarcely seen to flow:

Where once I us'd in indolence to lay,

And watch the trout in circled sportings play?

Where these pale ash-trees catch the sighing
breeze,

And dying gales are heard alone to please;

Oft have I wander'd at that sacred hour,

When pensive ev'ning silent taught her power.

Oft by thy stream my vagrant footsteps led.

Indulging visions scarcely form'd ere fled.

Here have I sat, enwrapt in Nature's arms,
 Blest in the wild profusion of her charms ;
 Each idle fancy kindling to the sight,
 Rose like a summer's morn, serenely bright ;
 No chilling care, no cloud of doubt drew nigh,
 To spoil the pleasures of the radiant sky.
 The future prospect seem'd my own to trace,
 And aerial visions rose without a base.

Here, magic Eden ! as thy waters flow'd,
 My infant Muse with secret ardor glow'd.
 Thy varied scene, abrupt, sublime, and grand,
 Seem'd form'd alone by some enchanter's hand.
 Through flowery vales, where thyme and violets
 grew,
 And pleasing blue-bells hung empearl'd with dew.
 Thy limpid waters gently mov'd along ;
 Or roar'd o'er rocks, rough, raging, rude, and
 strong.
 Where rugged scars uplift their shadow'd head,
 And awful horror whispers sounds of dread,
 Oft have I mus'd, till Fancy seem'd to tell
 Of sprites that harbour'd in the shadow'd dell ;
 Or piteous plaint of some sad ghost forlorn,
 On sudden winds, o'er hollow rocks, seem'd borne

Wild ! starting fearful, have I turn'd away
 To thoughts more cheering, and to sounds more
 gay.

When the bright moon the firmament has grac'd,
 Thy silent banks my feet at times have trac'd,
 Lost in high rapture—such to few is given,
 To leave this earth, and sear their way to heav'n.
 Dearest of streams ! to me for ever dear,
 Frequent thy waves have drank the falling tear,
 When youthful fancy led my heart to share
 A lover's tender hopes, a lover's care ;
 Ere life matur'd had taught my soul to know
 The sure distresses of a lover's woe.
 Fair was the maid for whom I learnt to sigh,
 For whom I languish'd, yet I scarce knew why :
 Whose smile dawn'd gladness on my sicken'd mind,
 Whose frown with certain ruin seem'd combin'd ;
 Whose image mingled in my midnight dreams,
 And serv'd by day for visionary themes.
 Pleasures delightful !—Raptures of the mind,
 Born of Romance—untaught, and unconfin'd.
 How are ye faded, how for ever dead ?
 How are the schemes of youth for ever fled ?

Still flows thy water on its devious way,
 Still bloom the trees, and still the meads are gay.
 But where are those which on thy margin stray'd?
 Where is the school-boy ? where the lisping maid ?
 Where is the aged sire with hoary hair ?
 And where the matron, partner in his care ?
 Where is the friend, whom first my soul admir'd,
 Lov'd what he lov'd, and what he wish'd desir'd ?
 Early he fled—nor long remain'd behind
 An angel sister, soft in form and mind.
 Peace to their gentle shades—the wind shall wave
 Whispers of peace across their early grave.

Sad is thy stream, O Eden ! in mine eye,
 Sad are my thoughts, and sad the rising sigh.
 Ages on ages have thy waters trac'd
 Their way thro' rocks, or thro' a flowery waste ;
 Ages on ages may they onward flow,
 Nor other change than various seasons know.
 But man still changing, blossoms, blooms, and
 dies :
 Shades pass to shades—as waves on waves arise.

Then what is life ? so transient in its date,
A prey to misery, passion, envy, hate.
Whirl'd round in tumults, mad for wealth and
power,
We strut, we rage, the insects of an hour.
Oh, stupid folly !—Children are we still ?
Children in virtue—Men in doing ill.

TO FANCY.

BY I. MITFORD.

DAUGHTERS of Memory, ye who spring
On the lightning's rapid wing,
And urging oft your headlong chace,
Backward, thro' the realms of space,
Snatch from Oblivion's magic arm
Each potent, dull Lethean charm ;
And tearing his enchanted veil,
Disclose the visionary tale.
Oh ! have ye fascinating power
To give my song one transient hour ;
Give it to soar with spell sublime,
And float upon the wing of Time :
See distant ages roll away,
And drink the golden flood of day.
But ah ! what phantoms round me stand ?
What means this grisly, spectred band ?
Pale disease, and pining care,
Jealousy, with snake-bound hair ;

Anger's red and blood-stain'd eye,
 Fear with frantic pace is nigh.
 Are these the ministers that wait ?
 Are these the messengers of Fate ?
 Methinks I see sad prospects rise,
 Black, dreary mountains meet mine eyes ;
 Huge rocks the landscape's face deform,
 The whirlwind drives the scourging storm.

Ah ! there the road of life appears,
 Water'd by ten thousand tears ;
 The sun of pleasure in the West,
 Sinks to everlasting rest.
 Alas ! I turn the sicken'd eye
 From scenes where truth and terror lie,
 And fondly catching Memory's arm,
 Recall ideal scenes of charm.
 Prepare, fond maid, thy roseate bowers,
 Enchanted vales, Elysian flowers.
 Oh ! Fancy, o'er my youthful breast
 Extend thy necromantic vest.
 Oh ! lend thy glass of thousand hues,
 Dipp'd in the Bow's celestial dews ;
 And let thy waving pinions shed
 Ideal visions round my head.

'Tis not in truth that pleasure lies,
 Not outward objects strike the eyes ;
 The mind in unison must ring,
 And touch the well-according string.
 'Tis not the warbling of the rill,
 'Tis not the swelling of a hill,
 'Tis not that the forests rise,
 Stain'd by Autumn's purple dyes,
 'Tis not that the poplar pale
 Bends to every summer gale ;
 'Tis Fancy breathes in ev'ry breeze,
 Fancy blossoms in the trees ;
 Warbles in the linnet's tale,
 Perfumes the incense-breathing vale ;
 Blushes on the cheek of morn,
 Clothes with green the torrid lawn ;
 Paints the rainbow's changing hues,
 Glitters in the crystal dews ;
 Or rough when winter fleeces curl,
 Tips every branch with trembling pearl.
 Fancy wings the rapid storm,
 Gives terror to the whirlwind's form.
 Woke by Fancy's magic powers,
 Throng the rosy-finger'd hours,

Winter throws his crutch away,
 And weds the young, the laughing May.
 How long, how dull the road of life,
 How full of sorrow, care, and strife.
 But Fancy charms the wounded heart,
 And heals and soothes the festering smart.
 No mind so sad, but it will own
 There Fancy holds her gorgeous throne ;
 Bestows a smile on virtue's face,
 And gives religion double grace.
 The hermit oft at eve will hear
 Soft music stealing on his ear ;
 Sounds celestial swell the gale,
 And heavenly tongues proclaim the tale ;
 Or sees in Fancy's varying glass
 Aerial forms before him pass,
 While bending at his orison,
 Chanting to the rising sun,
 Views oft some spirit's magic form
 Sailing on the distant storm ;
 Hears more than mortal thunders roll,
 And heavenly visions wrap the soul.
 As oft in early youth I stray'd,
 To catch the sun on yonder glade,
 When evening spread her silver vest,
 And hid the glories of the West.

Methought I saw (in white array'd)
 Soft female forms of thinnest shade,
 Flitting on the mountain's brow,
 Or hovering on the lake below ;
 Or dancing on the upland lawn,
 Kiss the blush of early dawn,
 And wake upon the golden lyre
 Songs of love and soft desire.
 Oft would ye maids, your notes prolong,
 Responsive to the echo's song ;
 Every Naiad left her stream,
 To drink the bold inspiring theme,
 And bade her murmuring riv'let flow,
 Smooth and silent, soft and slow.
 Yet will the maids of Memory trace
 With fond regret the sacred place :
 There the humble violet grew,
 There the primrose steep'd in dew,
 There the mountain torrent fell,
 And foam'd and gush'd along the dell.
 Oft have I seen the murderer start,
 With swelling eye, and sickening heart,
 When by the abbey's mouldering wall
 He heard the bird of midnight call :
 The clank of chains his ear assail,
 Deep groans infest the reeking vale ;

The bell of death, the lowering storm,
 Shrill cries, the murder'd maiden's form,
 He thought the bolt of vengeance shed,
 To wake the mansions of the dead.

Yes, oft near Medway's limpid tide,
 With Fancy seated side by side,
 I've wove in Memory's gorgeous loom
 The tissue of devoted Rome :
 Methought I saw her vistas rise,
 Her broken turrets met mine eyes.
 Again the sudden landscape chang'd,
 Excursive Fancy wider rang'd :
 Methought on the Calabrian shore
 I heard the foam-tipp'd billows roar
 And saw a female's beauteous form
 Cling to the rock amid the the storm ;
 Point to her child with dreadful scream.
 I woke, the vision was a dream,
 Stern Reason re-assum'd her sway,
 And drove the sorceress away.

THE END.



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